

Oil slick in my dinner
It makes me sick, in the air
Anyhow
And the dream upon my lips
Is getting thinner with each day
And yet I'm getting paid

I get sick at my work
Every day
There is no cure but to stay, stay away without pay
And the horns upon my head
Are getting thicker with each day
I take my meals here, I sleep in the maze

Men get sick at their work
Each and every day
There ain't no cure but to stay
Stay home today and go to the beach instead
And the dreams, in their heads
Cannot be found in the maze, or so they say